

THE TIGER



MARCH AND APRIL EDITION

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THE TIGER

VOL. 2, NO. 1

MARCH-APRIL, 1921

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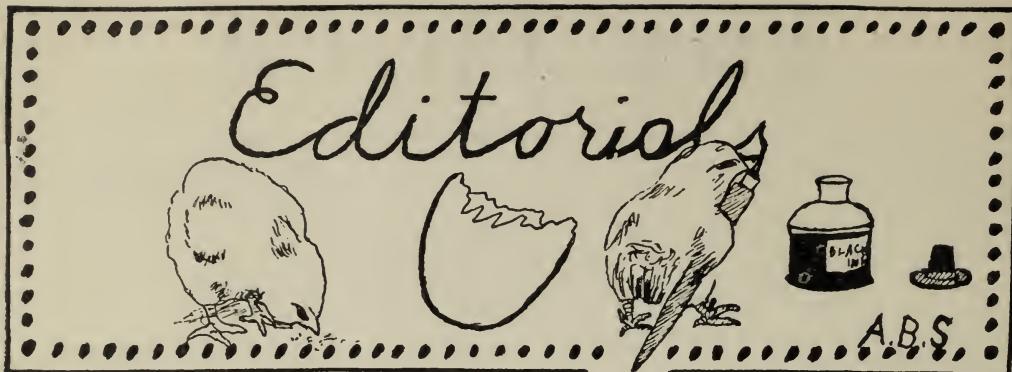
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Before this issue of *The Tiger* was sent to press, an attempt was made to change the name of the magazine. Owing to the fact that the staff, by a close vote, turned down the motion, and that new designs for the cover, utilizing the tiger motif, had already been drawn, the present name was kept.

There seems to be absolutely no reason at all for keeping *The Tiger* as the name of this magazine. It was probably adopted because the school colors are orange and black. Before the magazine was started, no one had ever dragged the tiger from the jungle to be the school emblem, but however it may have been, he was captured and his snarling head decorated our covers. At first, there was some little excuse for the beast, because the covers were done in orange and black, but later these covers were changed for the less gaudy and less flamboyant combination of brown and blue. Still the tiger stayed.

The Tiger is an obvious imitation. Everyone knows that Princeton University has had, from a long way back, the tiger for its emblem and the tiger's colors, orange and black, for its colors. A great deal of Princeton's tradition centers about this tiger, for which, undoubtedly,

there is some historical excuse, such as this school does not have.

When this magazine was started, its editors, in all probability, did not know that another town in Massachusetts also had a paper with identically the same name as ours. We know that the editors started with no deliberate intention of imitating anybody and very few people in Ipswich know anything of the other *Tiger* or vice-versa. Nevertheless the fact remains, our paper is not the original *Tiger* in Massachusetts. It does not seem right that we should take another magazine's name.

Granting that *The Tiger* was an entirely original name and that it had never been thought of before by anybody, exactly what would it have to do with a magazine published in Ipswich? Does the reputation of Ipswich rest on the number of tigers caught yearly? We are under the impression that clams and stockings are this town's chief claim to fame. Perhaps *The Ipswich Clam* would be as good a name as any. It would be at least as fitting and appropriate as *The Tiger*. No, the tawny form of the jungle king is not seen on the heights of Heart-break Hill, nor does its roar terrify the outposts at Ipswich village. The Tiger,

sad to say, is not an inhabitant of Ipswich.

If the tiger is cast forth into the jungle again, something must take his place and the best suggestion seems to be *The Agawam*. In the first place, *The Agawam*, as far as the names of school magazines go, is original and uncommon. It provokes interest. It will make people want to look at the magazine more than such a stale name as *The Tiger* will. A fresh, curiosity-provoking word like *Agawam* is an asset in a magazine as comparatively new as ours.

Not only is the name *Agawam* original, but it is also entirely appropriate. Every one in school knows or ought to know, that Ipswich was formerly called Agawam, and therefore the name stands for the patience, courage, and steadfastness of the early founders of the town.

To any inhabitant of Ipswich it brings up a wealth of recollections. In the minds of Ipswich people, it seems invariably connected with all the beauties of the town. It seems to bring up the lovely hills that surround Ipswich, the spires of the two churches, which are placed on the town seal, the old houses, the old elms, the river, the sand-dunes, the bar, the ocean, everything that endears the town to generation after generation of its citizens. It brings up all the old landmarks: the Choate Bridge, the Historical House, the North Church with its shining weather-vane, the house where Washington slept, the Burnham House, and many others.

It will be found on examining other high-school magazines, that they have conventional names like *The Review*, *The Herald*, and *The News*, or else names that have a local flavor like *Brockton*, *The Brocktonia*; *Marblehead*, *The 'Head Light*. The latter class of names is certainly more interesting and our magazine should

be among that group. If *The Agawam* does not seem satisfactory, at least it is more original and fitting than *The Tiger*. If anyone can offer suggestions for a better name, the editors would be very glad to receive them.

H. N. D., Jr.—1921.

The Editors of *THE TIGER* are very glad to announce that Albert Spyut, of the class of 1923, has been chosen Art Editor. A cover design and headings drawn by him appear in this issue.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

In the great game of life, 'mid the storm
and the strife,
Has it ever occurred to you
That the one who gets there is the one
who plays fair
In whatever he may do?

At his school or his work he is not known
to shirk
When he's given a task to do,
From the time it's begun till the time it
is done,
He sticks to it, staunch and true.

Such a man will succeed; there's no
doubting that creed.
He deserves our respect and our praise;
He'll honor his town,
This man of renown,
The man who knows honesty pays.

WILLIAM BURKE—1923.



THE AUTOCRAT OF THE POULTRY FARM

Josiah Preston was noted for his many experiments in poultry raising. His mind apparently held but one thought, his hens. Josiah believed that the earth was made a scratching ground for his hens, that the sun rose to give his hens light and warmth, that night followed day that his hens might have time to rest.

When Flower Preston, Josiah's only daughter, came home from boarding school, and her father discovered, by diligent questioning, that the words "incubator" and "brooder" aroused no enthusiasm, he grunted sarcastically, "A gal that's been to boardin' school for three years and don't know a leg band from a bone-cutter!"

"You must learn about things as soon as you can, dear," whispered the mother nervously. "If you can't talk poultry with your pa, you might just as well be in the desert of Sahary!"

"There's one comfort," continued Josiah, "I ain't raised the only fool there is in the country. Squire Curtis' boy got home from college t' other day, and what do you think? Instead of studyin' law so's to help his pa, he's been studyin' bugs. Four years in college and don't know a thing but bugs!"

"Maybe his pa wanted him to," remarked Mrs. Preston practically.

"Waal, I can't crow over Squire Curtis none. His boy don't know nothing but bugs, and so far as I kin figger out, that gal don't know nothin' at all. The only advantage is, it took her a year less to learn it."

When young Curtis began calling at the farm, which he did with suspicious promptness, Josiah's cup of misery was full.

"For the land's sake," he exclaimed testily to his wife, "can't you go in there

and set?" indicating the room from which came the sound of young voices and laughter. "You let that gal get boys and bugs inter that slim brain of hern and she won't be good for nothing."

"There, there, pa, don't talk so loud. You didn't want my ma to come in and sit when you came to see me."

"You don't mean"—he gasped.

Mrs. Preston nodded "Don't take it so hard, pa," she said soothingly, "Jim Curtis is one of the likeliest young men in town and—"

"I could stand it better if t'wan't for the bugs," he moaned feebly. "If he didn't want to be a lawyer like his pa, why didn't he take up something sensibler than bugs? Bugs, millions of them couldn't hatch out one chicken."

"He's studing bees now, pa, and they're good for honey. He has ever so many hives, new fangled ones, out in his pa's back yard."

Josiah only groaned.

"And pa it's all arranged, only I said he'd have to be old fashioned enough to ask your consent and Flower like a good girl said she'd never marry anybody without her pa's consent. That's a good deal nowadays, pa."

Perhaps it was because of Josiah's reputation, that the young man felt that he could express himself more satisfactorily in writing. The application reached Josiah by mail. He read the letter over several times. When he rose there was a grim smile on his face and a look of determination in his gray eyes. That was on Thursday. In the evening Mrs. Preston reminded him,

"Ain't you going in to see Jim, pa?"

"Dunno's he's calling on me."

"But you—his letter."

"I ain't in any hurry to answer it. I'm making up my mind."

A similar reminder the next night met with a like rebuff. On Saturday evening, however, Josiah did not wait to be reminded, he marched into the best room carrying a small basket. There he displayed its contents to the young persons: twenty large eggs, fair and beautiful.

"There, young man," he growled, "there is my answer. Three weeks from to-night if you bring me fourteen chickens out of the twenty eggs I'll give my consent."

"All right, Mr. Preston, I shall be on hand."

"Pa Preston" cried Flower indignantly, "Jim don't know anything about chicken raising and—"

"Time he did then. He'll have a good chance to show what four years of science is good for, and any little thing he don't happen to know you can learn him."

"He knows you can't do it," she sobbed.

"Three weeks from to-night, good thing he gave me plenty of time," observed Jim cheerfully.

"Plenty of time," echoed Flower despairingly. "Why Jim, don't you know that twenty-one days are required to hatch chickens?"

"Well, I'll buy a hen on the way home, and put her right to work," declared Jim.

"There's very little chance of your getting a setting hen," replied Flower gloomily.

"Is that a particular breed?"

"Jim Curtis, don't you know that you must have a hen that wants to set? You can't make one hatch eggs if she doesn't want to."

"Well, I can buy an incubator," he responded.

"You'd be four or five days late by the time you could order one and have it

shipped here and to-morrow is Sunday. Oh!" she cried understandingly. "Pa had it all planned, that's the reason he wouldn't see you until to-night."

"I know, Flower." Jim had a sudden inspiration. "I'll make an incubator. Come out and show me one of your father's, so I may get an idea of the principles involved. Come."

Slightly encouraged Flower led the way. Meeting her father, she asked coldly, "Have you any objections to my showing the incubators to Jim, Pa? He's going to make one to hatch the eggs."

Preston grinned. "No objections in the least. Go ahead and show him all about them and tell him all you know. T'won't burden his brain none. He might put his eggs into cold storage while he builds the incubator."

On Tuesday of the third week, the autocrat remarked sarcastically, "I saw Jim this morning, Flower. I told him if he brought the chickens I'd announce the engagement in the country paper and give you three hundred dollars for a wedding present."

Saturday evening came, but Mr. Curtis did not appear. "Where's the bug professor, Flower?" asked her father.

"He's wrapping the chickens up in cotton, so they can't take cold," retorted Flower spiritedly.

The old man smiled grimly, but the smile died away as Curtis entered the room.

"I'm a little late, Mr. Preston," he said cheerfully, "but here are your birds."

He handed the autocrat a flat wooden box, which the latter opened with trembling fingers. He removed a sheet of cotton, displaying a number of sleepy, peeping chickens.

"There are eighteen," remarked Jim carelessly, "four more than you asked

for, but I put them in for good measure."

"Them chickens didn't come out of the shell to-day," he declared with conviction.

"No," answered Jim quietly, "they came out Thursday. Mr. Preston," he continued, "I hope there is no doubt in your mind that these chickens came from the eggs you gave me."

Josiah shook his head mournfully. "No," he said slowly. "They are all right." He sat in silence pondering over the mystery.

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour?" Curtis suggested smilingly. "Bugs are good for many things, Mr. Preston."

The autocrat sprang up excitedly. "Jumping gingerbread," he exclaimed. "I'll bet a dime you hatched them in the bee hive."

Jim laughed pleasantly. "I surely did, Mr. Preston. When Flower showed me

the incubator three weeks ago to-night, I observed that the temperature was similar to that in my bee hives. I verified this on reaching home by placing a thermometer in the hive. I put the eggs in the upper section of the hive, separating them by a cotton cloth from the working apartments of the bees. I was positive they would hatch, but you may imagine my surprise when they began chipping their shell in nineteen days."

"I guess I'll put them in a brooder," said Josiah recovering himself somewhat. "These chicks have cost me three hundred dollars. Too expensive to lose."

He bore the precious peepers away, muttering wonderingly. "Bugs! hatched by bugs! and two days ahead of time."

Later the autocrat announced in the country paper the engagement of his daughter to the brilliant young scientist, James Curtis.

RUBY M. EARLEY—'21.

THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER

When I was visiting my aunt in Prudell County, as I do so often that I am acquainted with almost every inmate of the village of Prudell, I was surprised to see a new-comer in the town. I had my first glimpse of him in Aaron Fesingdon's grocery store where he was sitting on a flour barrel and chatting with the other customers, looking very much like any one else. But as I stared at him with more curiosity than good breeding, I noticed that he, in turn, was staring intently at Aaron Fesingdon himself. Aaron looked mighty uncomfortable and tried to return the stare, but his eyes kept wavering from the ceiling to the floor and then to the top of the stranger's head, until finally the newcomer pointed a small black stick at Aaron and seemed

to mutter a few dire words, though I heard nothing. As this unusual man lowered his stick, a perfectly blank look of astonishment came over the grocer's face; he reached to his highest shelf with the docility of a child, and pulled down the most expensive brand of canned peas he possessed, which he handed to the stranger, together with a pound of butter and a loaf of bread. The man graciously accepted them, nodded cheerfully to me and his friends, and departed. As soon as he had gone, Aaron's face became no longer expressionless, but almost livid with rage. Ed Perkins chuckled when he saw him. "He's after you again," he said, grinning. "Better look out, your trade'll go bad."

"That man ought to be arrested," sputtered Aaron, "he's an outrage, he

ought to be electrocuted, he ought to be hanged, he ought."

The enraged man stopped for breath and I took advantage of the opportunity by asking who the deserving gentleman was.

"Lord, I wish we knew," chuckled Ed again, "but here's how we all got acquainted with him," and he tossed me a card which seemed to be a ticket, on which was written—

Monseigneur Frederic R. Lefavour,
Hypnotist, mesmerist, and fascinator,
Will perform Friday, the Thirteenth of
April,

At the Town Hall.
Doors will close at eight o'clock promptly.

All are Welcome.

It was also added as an afterthought in very small print, that the subscription was fifty cents; war-tax, five cents; total, fifty-five cents.

"Well," said Ed, as I looked up inquiringly.

"We all paid our fifty-five cents and went, expecting, of course, to see a joke, but..."

"There warn't no joke about him," piped up old Phil Drump, who had had the rheumatism for well nigh twenty years, and was wont to say he had forgotten how it felt to run.

"You bet there warn't," continued Ed, who seemed anxious to tell the story. "He was as real as they make 'em. When the curtain went up, we saw him all dressed up in moons and stars, a'wavin' that stick around. Then he commences a speech all about psychology and sociology which nobody understood any more than Lefavour did, I guess, but we all pretended to until he perliteley asks if any of the 'intelligent company'—he said 'intelligent,' didn't he, Aaron?"

"Of course," said Aaron irritably, "go on."

"...If any of the 'intelligent company' would like to come forward so's he could try his arts on 'em. But everybody looks as if they hadn't heard, so Lefavour says he's sorry, but he'll have to use force. So he waves his stick around and points it to old Drump here and begins to say something through his teeth. Well, be hanged if Drump didn't get up and hobble down to the platform, where Monseigneur makes passes with his hand until Drump drops his cane and commences to do athletic tricks for all he's worth. I can swear I saw him do twenty somersaults, one right after the other, and then he jumped till I thought his arms would 'a' broke. Then he turned cart-wheels enough to shame a circus, until finally he stopped, standin' on his head with one leg still dancin.' Lefavour comes up then and turns him right side up, gives him his cane, pats him on the back 'n' tells him he did fine, an' Drump comes back again just as if nothing had happened. He says he didn't know anything about it, but that don't seem possible."

"Well, I didn't," interposed the rheumatic patriarch, "go on."

"Well, Lefavour got one or two other people up there but didn't do nothin' special—jes' made 'em pick up things he told 'em to—until his eye lit on Fanny Brewster. Well, she came up to him like all the rest, not because she wanted to, but because she couldn't help it, and he waved his arms around the way he always does, until Fanny seemed all in a doze, and came up and kissed him! That kinder woke her up. She looked mighty mad and flushed up—she's pretty when she does that—"

"She's pretty, anyhow."

"You bet! At any rate I could see her grittin' her teeth, jus' bound she wouldn't get caught that way again. That villain must 'a' liked the kiss, because pretty soon he came back and tried his tricks again, but this time Fanny never budged."

"What did Lefavour do?" I asked as Ed paused.

"Oh, nothing special," said a new voice which I recognized as that of the postman. "Looked kinder mad. Said he was through for the evening."

"But he took such a likin' for the town he never left."

"Town! Fanny Brewster!"

"Here he comes, Aaron. Better duck. Wonder what he's after now. I'm goin' to git, before he holds me up for the U. S. Mail. S'long!"

I smiled with superiority when I thought of these simple minds which had been scared by that imposter into believing anything he told them, but I did not have any time for reflection, before the imposter came in and asked for me. I confess I felt some qualms, but I answered bravely and said, "Right here, Mr. Lefavour, do you want me?"

"Monseigneur, if you please," corrected Lefavour, "I'm a Frenchman and I like to stand up for these old titles, meaningless as they are. The ancient custom of—but we will speak of this another time. Would you mind stepping outside, Mr. Dupee?"

I didn't have a chance to say whether I minded or not, before I heard the grocery door click behind us, and found myself on the street alone with this man, who, I was beginning to think, was very dangerous.

There was a moment of silence. Then we commenced walking up the street, talking about the weather and similar

interesting topics until we went into the florist's shop (one of the village's attempts at being a town). Here, with a sudden burst of generosity, I put my hand in my pocket and asked him what his favorite flowers were.

"I have often debated that question," replied Lefavour, "and have come to the conclusion that the choice depends solely on the mood of the chooser. If one's mood is quiet, sad, perhaps one chooses—but enough of this. Perhaps two dozen of those pure lilies—*florae pulcherissimae*—commonly known, I believe, as Easter lilies, perhaps they would be fitting for the occasion."

"Of course they would," I hastened to reply, though I had no idea what occasion they would fit. "I want two dozen of these," I added to Drempsley, the florist. But the shop boasted only fifteen of these rare and expensive flowers, so I had to content myself with those. While I was paying for them without any feeling whatsoever, although they were by far the costliest flowers in the shop, I noticed my companion was conversing with Mrs. Brewster, Fanny's mamma, whom he left, however, with a profound bow, as soon as he saw I had made my purchase. He accepted the lilies with a gracious smile.

Down the street in front of the grocery store I had left my precious second-hand Ford, in which I now asked my friend Lefavour to ride with me.

He accepted politely and we started gaily off, I thinking more and more how much I liked this man. We had begun to talk about more personal subjects than the weather, when I was suddenly inspired to ask if Lefavour could run the Ford. On his replying in the affirmative, I said I would get out and let him ride around by himself. Though I gave no

reason for my actions, Lefavour showed no surprise, but started off at a terrifying rate of speed.

As soon as he had disappeared around a corner on two wheels, I started to walk back to town, when suddenly I stopped in absolute amazement. What was I doing here? Why had I spent all my money on fifteen Easter lilies? Where had that man gone with my precious Ford? And at the thought that I had probably seen the last of it, I felt a sudden rage and then a desire to cry; for I loved that second-hand, six-year-old Ford with the same unreasoning love that a baby has for its oldest doll, no matter how battered and worn it may be.

Then, as I reflected thus, the sudden awful truth came over me. I had been hypnotized! I, who had prided myself on my strong will, had been hypnotized just as ridiculously as Philip Drump or Aaron Lesingdon. How could I go back and face them? But I decided I must do so sooner or later, and now, I thought, was the best

time, before the story became twisted or exaggerated. So off I started for a two hour walk back to the village.

When I arrived at the grocery store tired and out of temper, there was almost a mob of villagers on the sidewalk, talking and gesticulating. The most notable figure there was the before mentioned Mrs. Brewster, who was quite purple with anger and heat.

"What's up?" I called as soon as I came within speaking distance.

A dozen voices answered me, "It's that hypnotist! He married Fanny Brewster this morning. Didn't pay the minister, gave her a bunch of lilies for a wedding present, and went off for their honeymoon in a Ford car!"

"But the worst of it all," came the wailing and exasperated voice of Mamma Brewster, "the worst of it was that he used my wedding ring to marry her with."

JULIA DOUGHTY—1922.

WHY THE LEAVES CHANGE THEIR COLOR

Many years ago, when the fairies and goblins were frequently seen dancing on the greens, or frolicking in the woods, all trees were of beautiful shades of green, and remained so year after year, never changing their color in the autumn or giving up their leaves in the fall.

Among the fairies, there was one who was the most charming of the fairies of fairyland. She had been asked in marriage by many suitors, but she could not decide to whom she would grant her favor, so her father suggested that she should ride through the air on a beautiful white bird, and stop to look at the lands owned by the fairy princes, and he who

had the most beautiful foliage should win her hand.

One of the most handsome of these fairy princes started immediately to prepare his forest for the Princess' arrival. Little goblins at once started to paint the leaves which were as big as the little fellows themselves. As the Prince had charge of many goblins, however, at the end of three weeks all the trees had been painted: some, yellow; some, gold; some, red; some, orange; and some, a variety of colors.

The Prince was so pleased at the goblins' work that he allowed them to take part in greeting the Princess.

On her arrival, the Prince went forth to take her hand, and as he led her through his forest of splendor, the trees gave up their foliage as she passed under them, and on every leaf a note of welcome was written. The Princess was so charmed with his work that she immediately consented to marry him.

A great banquet was held on a green in the middle of the forest of splendor, and the feasting lasted for over a month.

At the end of this time, however, there were no leaves left on any of the trees, except the spruce, the pine, and the hemlock.

The Prince was so happy at his success that he did not have time to notice this misfortune. The following spring he gave them new foliage, but every autumn the leaves turn, and fall in honor of the fairy prince and princess.

MARY MARTEL—1921.

THE HILLS AND THE SEA

I climbed a hill and westward looked,
And saw beyond my own, another hill
With one tall spreading pine on top,
And all the rest bare upland pasture
With juniper, gray-green against the
brown;
And further on, another hill with birches,
Leafless, but with graceful sweeps and
curves,
All bowing to a gnarled and twisted oak;
Then another with a row of willows,
Five in all, marching at even space
Across the ridge; and between, a sparkl-
ing
Glimpse of ice, new formed on ponds, and
then
The flash of a rocky brook, gleaming be-
tween
Black hemlock trunks; and beyond, an-
other hill,
Smooth and bare but for one thin line of
wall
That went across the crest and disapp-
peared;
To the left another, buried deep in pines,
And so on and on, and up and down, hill
After hill they rose and fell, on into the
haze,

The breath of the melting frost.
There were so many, many hills
Stretching to the distance, that to the
East I turned,
And lo! the sea, ruffled with the white of
the breakers.
There was the curving beach, the white,
bright sand,
And the dunes, crowned with tufts of
gray-green grass.
The hills, they make one restless with a
longing
To climb them all; but one could sit all
day
On the soft warm sand and watch the
waves roll in,
And see the white foam bubbles come up
the beach,
Drag back, and pull the sand and shells
along,
Leaving perhaps a long dank strip of
seaweed,
And perhaps an evanescent jelly-fish
Or some other gorgeous spoil of the deep.
A hill-top is a place of restlessness,
But for a place for long, deep thoughts,
Give me the sea.

HOWARD DOUGHTY—1921.

DARK THOUGHTS OF A SHOVELLER

I.

Last Monday, let me say,
I shovelled snow all day;
My mother watched me work,
And so I could not shirk;
And as I worked so hard,
I thought of the silly bard
Whose bug-eyes fairly glow
As he rants of beautiful snow.
I'd like to meet that bard
Who sings of snow, beautiful snow;
I'd make him shovel hard
In the snow, beautiful snow;
Then when he'd cleared my place
Of the snow, beautiful snow,
I'd cheerfully wash his face
In the snow.

II.

I worked the whole long day,
And when I "hit the hay,"
Each time I'd bend my back,
My joints would loudly crack;
And a bard came in my dream
And from my bedpost he did scream,
"Oh I love the beautiful snow,
Beautiful snow, beautiful snow."
Yes, I'd like to meet that bard,
And his frame would be badly jarred,
For I'd take him by the neck
And I'd bust his head—by heck!
I would sure put him to sleep,
And then bury him quite deep
In his snow, beautiful snow,
Beautiful snow.

RICHARD RALPH—1921.

THE STORY OF A VASE

I am a Cretan vase of the Mycenean period. I am now kept in a great museum in London, am very beautiful, and have a graceful shape. I stand in a glass case so no one may touch me. Once a year I am taken out and very carefully washed. One might think I should be lonely in that case, but I am not, for many of my relations are standing near me. Perhaps you would like to know my history. You would? All right, I will tell you if you will listen well.

I was made by a young man. He had fallen in love with a lady who lived on the next street. There was to be a great feast day soon for Venus, and Titus wished to give a beautiful vase to Naida. Titus had made my relations first, but he thought they were not nearly beautiful nor graceful enough to give Naida, and I agreed with him, although some of them were very beautiful. You too would have agreed with him if you had seen Naida. Titus was

very discouraged because the vases were not what he wanted. Finally he said he would try one more, and if that was not any better he would have to take the best one he had made. He started me and worked day and night. The night before the feast day I was finished. Titus was more than satisfied with my looks.

The next day he carried me to Naida. Naida also thought I was very beautiful. She thought me so beautiful that she consented to marry Titus. Titus was very happy and blessed me for uniting them. I spent many happy days in Naida's home, but when she married Titus we moved to the out-skirts of the city. In our new home I rejoined all my relations, for Titus had brought them with him.

Naida and Titus had many children. The house was at first full of children's voices, but one by one they went away. Only Titus and Naida remained. Titus

was old and feeble; Naida was no longer young and beautiful.

There was to be another great feast to Venus, and the day before the feast Naida and Titus made prayers to me and again praised me for uniting them. At night I was kissed again and again, then Titus and Naida went out of the room hand in hand. I never saw them again.

The next morning shock after shock was felt and the walls fell down. My relations trembled with fright. It is a wonder we were not broken. We lay buried under the ruins of the great city for many years. It was cold, dark, and lonely there, for we could not speak to each other because great blocks of stone separated us. I began to fear that my color was gone and also that I could never get clean again.

One day we heard a noise above us and

the stones, earth, and clutter were removed. The light of day came to us. I heard a voice saying, "What is this brown thing?" I was picked up and carefully washed, and when I was thoroughly clean, it was seen that my colors were as beautiful as before, and I was not cracked or damaged in any way. I was placed in a private cabinet and after about ten years was presented to this museum.

I have been here a long time and am quite used to the strange sights. I often think of the old days when I was young. My relations and I often talk of them and of Naida, Titus, and their children. Until I am broken I shall remember the old friends, old times, and above all, the beautiful Naida.

DOROTHY SHAW—1923.

THE BALLET OF "TRISTRAN ET ISOLDE"

It was the first night of the ballet "Tristran et Isolde" at the Grand Opera House of Luxembourg.

M. Febron, the manager, was in a state of extreme agitation, for there was unusual interest in this particular ballet.

His Royal Highness, Frederick, Crown Prince of Luxembourg, was present together with his sister, Princess Louise, and his aunt, the Duchess of Beauchamps. A plentiful sprinkling of local nobility was scattered about the house, and, of course, all the musical critics of the Luxembourg papers had turned out in full force together with, it was rumored, two critics from Paris. So between the Prince and the Princess, and the dukes and the duchesses, and the critics from Luxembourg and the critics from Paris, and the heat and the noise and the crowd, the fat, florid, jolly, round face of M. Febron had an expression which showed the wear and

tear of trying to keep his suave and ever present smile and word of welcome.

What was the cause of all the excitement? The music of the ballet was by Sklobosky, the rising young Pole; the scenery and decorations were by Stransof, the brilliant young Russian; the orchestra was being led by Rosenblatt, the coming young German-Jew; but these facts interested only a few musicians and artists, for the general public were greatly excited over the fact that Sarasavina, *the* Sarasavina, was to dance in the role of the beautiful and unfortunate Isolde.

We have said that the music, decorations, and orchestra were in charge of a rising young Pole, Russian, and German-Jew respectively and we wish we could say that the *premiere danseuse* was rising and young, but alas! Sarasavina was already risen and no longer young! In fact, Psyche Deroges, who was the pretty little *premiere*

danseuse when some visiting celebrity was not present, could tell some very interesting, if slightly exaggerated, details about Sarasavina's appearance off stage. Sarasavina had been in retirement for some years, occupied with marrying and divorcing various husbands, and adding weight; and this large audience at the opera was on account of her reappearance.

Psyche Deroches was in love with Philippe Armand, who was allowed, as a great privilege, to dance Tristran to the great Sarasavina's Isolde; hence Psyche's pique. Of course the girl was always jealous of any visiting celebrity, but her cup of woe was filled to overflowing when she was forced to play the other Isolde in the old legend of Mark and Blanchefleur and Tristran and the two Isoldes—she of the coal-black hair in Ireland, and she of the white-hand across the water in Brittany.

At each rehearsal Tristran (so Psyche imagined) had turned more hastily and with a very small show of grief to part from his Isolde of Brittany to the more alluring one across the sea, or in other words, twenty feet away behind the back-drop. Psyche, being of a disposition that jumps to conclusions without much consideration of the facts, had soon decided that she was displaced in the affections of Philippe, who, she thought, had thrown her over for Sarasavina, fat and forty.

So, by the first night's performance, Psyche was desperate. Schemes of revenge had flitted about her brain all the afternoon. She would pour kerosene into Sarasavina's dressing room and apply a match; she would mix hot glue with Sarasavina's cosmetics; she would trip Sarasavina up as she pirouetted upon the stage. All these schemes and many others she evolved and cast aside until it was too late and Philippe seemed destined to fall a prey to Sarasavina's charms.

Now Philippe was no more in love with Sarasavina than Sarasavina had been in love with the various dukes and millionaires whom she had married, but she liked a flirtation and so did Philippe, and neither of them dreamed of the havoc caused in the heart of Psyche as she waited for the curtain to go up.

The ballet commenced with a scene in Brittany showing Tristran bidding farewell to Isolde, the White Handed. He left her and marched to his ship with his attendants amidst the clatter of the kettle-drums and the snarl of the horns in the orchestra. Isolde with graceful curves and circlings, accompanied by a melancholy slow moving melody on the violins, expressed her grief at the departure of her lover and then made her exit. Her part in the ballet was over.

She had resolved to go down to her dressing-room and escape the sight of the triumph of her rival, but she found this impossible. She could not tear herself away, and stayed to watch the meeting of Tristran and the Isolde of Cornwall. With what joyful rhythm did they run to each other! With what ecstasies and pirouetting did they express their love for each other, entirely unmindful of the revengeful Mark who crept nearer and nearer. There was a wild leap, the flash of a dagger, and Mark had stretched the lovers dead on the stage. The ballet was over.

There should have been tremendous applause from the audience but instead the house was convulsed in laughter. Sarasavina had managed to hide her increased weight until the last scene, but then things began to be too much for her. She grew red in the face, and, what was worse, her high, pointed, mediaeval head-dress kept slipping to one side. She tried to push it back but it finally landed at a rakish angle over one ear. This was enough to

spoil the effect of any ballet. But, at the end, when she fell with the heaviness of a slaughtered ox, and, in addition, fell on top of the poor head-dress, which had rolled off, the audience could contain itself no longer. Sarasavina's dancing days were over.

Psyche had seen all this but she did not smile. The moment had come for Philippe to choose. If he choose to go home with Sarasavina, even after her failure, then Psyche knew that it was all over with her. She waited.

Well, the ballet was over. The two corpses arose and walked off. Sarasavina came out and stood near Psyche. Philippe came off a little later and went up to Sarasavina. Psyche thought she knew what he was going to say, but she started at his actual words.

"Good-night, Mademoiselle Sarasavina," said Philippe.

Good-night! So Philippe was saying good-night to Sarasavina. Psyche was more surprised when he came over to her as she stood white and beautiful in the shining silk of her ballet costume.

"I have a car waiting for us outside," said he.

"For us!" she stammered. "But—but what about Sarasavina? Aren't you going to take her home?"

"Take her home? Why?"

"But don't you love her, Philippe?"

"Love her! Why, Psyche, how could you have thought that? Of course I don't. She—why she fell in the ballet like an elephant stumbling in a swamp. Of course I don't love her."

A great happiness was dawning in the heart of Psyche.

HOWARD N. DOUGHTY—1921.

SOCIAL NEWS

THE "IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

By Oscar Wilde
Miss Cole, director.

Characters

John Worthing, J. P. Gardner Brown
Algernon Moncrieff Howard Doughty
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D. D.

William Hayes

Merriman Maynard Whittier

Lane Richard Ralph

Lady Bracknell Ardace Savory

Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax Muriel Russell

Cecily Cardew Katherine Reddy

Miss Prism Anna Narkun

Act I—Algernon Moncrieff's apartment
in Half Moon St.

Act II—The garden at the Manor House, Woolton.

Act III—Drawing room, Manor House, Woolton.

Time—The present.

Place—London.

The play proved a great success this year, the characters being exceptionally well suited to their parts. Dancing was enjoyed after the play.

The presentation of a bouquet of roses to Miss Cole, was finally accomplished after much obstinacy on the part of the curtain.

The class cleared approximately \$150.00, a very large amount considering that the play was not repeated in Rowley.

ENGLISH CLUB ACTIVITIES

In November, 1920, an imitation county fair was held at the High School. Practically all the school came, some of them representing various characters, generally supposed to be present at a county fair. There were fortune tellers, snake charmers, a "Wild Man of Borneo," and a "hit the nigger and get a cigar" arrangement.

Various games were played, and a prize, in the shape of a tin cup with a blue ribbon, was given to the Junior Class for its excellence in throwing balls into a hoop.

* * * * *

On Wednesday, the 22nd day of December, the English Club presented to the school a short play entitled "The Greatest Gift." The parts were taken by Miss Marr as the Goddess Bountiful, Miss Caldwell and Miss Reilly as Peace and Plenty, Miss Bisson as Queen Isabella, Miss Seales as Dame Fashion, Miss Russell as Florence Nightingale, Miss Doughty as Betsy Ross, Miss Bamford as Dame Fortune, Miss Reddy as Night, Miss Lee as Moonlight, Miss Kimball as Christmas, Hayes as Columbus, Ralph as George Washington, Atkinson as the Sailor, Brown as the College Youth, Sushelsky as the Newsboy, Whittier as the Cook, Dunn as Labour, Miss Shaw as Cupid, Hamilton as the Herald.

After the performance Christmas gifts were exchanged by members of the club, Howard Doughty officiating as Santa Claus.

* * * * *

During the month of January and part of February, activities of the English Club were suspended on account of the rehearsals for the Senior Play, but on the day before Washington's Birthday a cos-illustrated lecture on the "Cruelty to An-

tume party was given in the High School. For the first time refreshments were sold, and the proceeds were divided between the English Club and the Athletic Association. Although the weather was unpropitious, a great part of the school attended.

* * * * *

The English Club intends to award at the graduation exercises three five-dollar prizes for the best play, poem, and story, written by any member of this school. It is expected that there will be great competition and that it will be very difficult to choose the best papers.

* * * * *

At the last meeting of "Le Cercle Francais," December 10, 1920, the club had a Christmas tree. The Junior French class was invited. During the evening games were played, including a Virginia Reel. Green and red caps were distributed, and refreshments were served. The party closed with the singing of "La Marseillaise."

* * * * *

In January the school was entertained by an illustrated lecture on Ancient and Modern Greece. The lecturer had been visiting all the colleges and higher schools, and we were very fortunate in being able to hear him.

* * * * *

The day before Lincoln's birthday Mr. Perry addressed the school on the "Life and Characteristics of Lincoln." It was a very interesting lecture. The Junior High was present.

* * * * *

On March 11, 1921, the High and Junior High Schools were entertained by an illustrated lecture on "Cruelty to Animals." This lecture will be repeated to the grades March 18, 1921.

The day before Lincoln's birthday Mr.

During the course of the year certificates have been awarded to the following pupils:

Artistic Typists.	
Richard Ralph	
Ruth Marr	
Harold Chase	
Order of Gregg Artists	
Richard Ralph	
Ruth Marr	

Accurate Typists				
Irene Atkinson	Royal	47	Underwood	44
Gertrude Chapman	"	44	"	40
Richard Ralph	"	40	"	40
Ardace Savory			"	60
Hilda Scales	"	55		
Esther Bisson	"	44	"	45
Alcie Harris	"	42	"	41
Ruth Marr	"	41	"	40

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

We did not have a coach to teach the squad the fundamentals of the game, so all hopes of having a team representing the school were given up. The boys interested, however, were determined to play among themselves, hoping thereby to develop players for the future seasons. The fighting spirit shown by the boys in the class games, was remarkable, and gave them courage enough to desire to play with other high schools, so a game was scheduled with Manchester.

Nov. 1920.

Manchester 18.

Manning 0.

The game was hard fought from beginning to end. The experience which Manchester had gained from her previous games, made her the stronger of the two. This defeat, however, did not discourage our boys, but inspired them with a spirit which we hope will eventually put them back on the athletic map where they stood a few years ago.

HOCKEY

The squad of boys who responded to the manager's call for hockey candidates was very small, but the prospects for a good

team were not hindered, however, for we had three veterans of our last year's undefeated team. In this sport also we were without the services of a coach.

Our first game was scheduled with the St. John's seven, but had to be cancelled on account of poor weather conditions.

Boston Nautical School 0.

Manning High 4.

The ice was very poor, being covered in some places by two inches of water. The High School, in spite of the poor ice, scored four goals. Hayes and Witham played well for Ipswich.

Essex Aggie 2.

Manning High 1.

This game was a thriller from beginning to end. Manning led at the end of the first half of the game by one goal, but after a hard fight, lost in the second. Jordan and Caverly played well for Aggie, and Hayes for Manning.

Essex Aggie 1.

Manning High 1.

The second Aggie game was the best and hardest fought contest of the season. Our team had the puck in Aggie's territory two-thirds of the game, and showed

more aggressiveness in everything. Gould played well for Manning and Jordan for Aggie.

Danvers High 0.
Manning High 2.

The ice was very soft and handicapped both teams in carrying the puck, which was, however, in our territory only three times during the whole game. The Danvers goal guard was perhaps the fastest and most dependable one in any team we had met, and it was because of his remarkable stops, that our score was not

larger. Gould and Witham starred for Manning on this occasion.

The names of those who earned a hockey "M" follow:

Witham (manager)	l. w.
Hayes (captain)	r.
Brown	r. w.
Gould	c.
Ewing	p.
Burke, J.	c. p.
Dunn	g.

Also the following:

Spyut	p.
Kalaboke	c. p.

ALUMNI NEWS

116 High Street,
Ipswich, Mass.,
March 14, 1921.

Dear Manning:

Since I am preparing for graduation and have scarcely any time to go visiting, it is not without difficulty that I have managed to get information about the Alumni.

Last week I went over to see Beatrice Connor, who has just returned from New Bedford, and as we were both interested in school activities, I told her about our success in Athletics, and she told me about the Alumni. Raymond Sullivan is going to B. C., and his brother, Bernard, is still studying at B. U.

Last week I had the opportunity to visit Salem Commercial, and, as I went through the various apartments I saw Mable Anthony, Helen Chapman, Edna Herlihy, Henry Hills, Hazel Rogers, and Warren Brown, but I had no chance to speak to them.

I see Barbara James about every afternoon. From her I hear that Alice Davis and Elsie Mackinney are of great assistance to their mothers.

Mary Gordon was seen in Manning, stealing information to use at B. U., and Louis Bean, a Freshman at Harvard, was here also. It looked very suspicious, didn't it?

Pamelia Gould was in "Helen's" last week to see me, and she said that she liked working in the National Bank.

Bernice Whittier is a "Belle" at the Essex "Aggie," I hear.

Cleola Davis likes you, Manning, for I see she is back again. No one blames her, for we're all fond of you.

I'm sorry I haven't any more time, but I promise you that the next letter that I write shall be more interesting.

Yours till the "Tiger" fails,

MARY MARTEL.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

We are very pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges:

1. *The Review*, High School, Lowell, Mass.
2. *The Advance*, High School, Salem, Mass.
3. *The Beacon*, High School, Gloucester, Mass.
4. *The Triton*, High School, Manchester, Mass.
5. *The 'Head Light*, High School, Marblehead, Mass.
6. *The Holten*, High School, Danvers, Mass.
7. *The Broctonia*, High School, Brockton, Mass.
8. *The Bulletin*, High School, Lawrence, Mass.
9. *The Herald*, High School, Westfield, Mass. (two copies)
10. *The Torch*, High School, Billerica, Mass.
11. *The Pep*, High School, Mexico, Maine.
12. *The Archon*, Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass. (two copies)
13. *The Recorder*, High School, Saratoga Springs, New York. (two copies)

How We See Others

THE ADVANCE—This is a very interesting paper with good jokes and a very well written exchange column. We think L. E. J. ought to be complimented for his work as Exchange Editor; for his story, the only one in the paper; and for his sketch on *Thanksgiving*.

THE BEACON—This contains interesting stories and poems, and its departments are well arranged. The advertisements should be kept in a section of their own, however, for they spoil the appearance of the paper when scattered through it.

THE TRITON—The editorials are good, but we think there are too many. Why not have more stories instead?

THE 'HEAD LIGHT—There was only one story but it was a good one. You have an excellent athletic department. The cover design was very well drawn.

THE HOLTEN—The stories are good. Your departments are in very good order.

THE BROCTONIA—This is our best exchange, perfect in every detail.

THE BULLETIN—This contains good stories, not enough jokes, and no cuts.

THE HERALD—Your cuts are excellent and your stories interesting.

THE TORCH—You have very good literary matter, but no Exchange Column.

THE ARCHON—The story "Burlap Grones, Detective" was very humorous. You have some good cuts.

THE RECORDER—This contains very good stories. It is a well-arranged paper.

How Others See THE TIGER

THE TIGER—We were deeply impressed by your publication. There is a display of splendid literary ability running through-out it.

The Beacon, Gloucester, Mass.

Foul Tips

A.B.S.

NEWLY DISCOVERED SPECTATOR PAPER

The following, hitherto unpublished *Spectator* paper was recently unearthed to the great excitement of literary circles in London, New York, and Ipswich. The paper is unfinished, and by looking at the state of the handwriting towards the end, the reason is painfully evident. Much as we should like to hide the fact, we cannot deny that the circumstantial evidence points almost conclusively to a very late session at Will's Coffee-House.

The paper begins thus:

"*Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens.*"—Virgil, Aeneid, Bk. III.

"Having enjoyed the hospitality of my friend Sir Roger de Coverly for what seemed to me a sufficiently long time to have strained the kindness of even such a considerate and kindly host as himself, I have lately returned to town. As I stepped out into one of our streets, with memories of the delights and freshness of the country still in my mind, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by what seemed to me to be coal-black wings on the feet of a woman passing along the street. I stopped in amazement, and entirely forgetful of all propriety, I stared

at this apparition whose footwear resembled nothing so much as Mercury's flying apparatus. As I looked up to see if by any chance she carried the wand of the Flying-God, a gesture of annoyance on the part of the lady recalled me to myself and I continued on my way. As I went along, I considered what manner of thing, what *lapsus naturae*, this might be, when to my infinite surprise, I began to perceive that all the women in town were wearing this outlandish foot-gear.

"I hastened at once to my friend Will Honeycomb, who is always well informed on matters of feminine attire, to seek such information as he could give me. It seems that these coverings for the feet are called by various names: viz, goloshes, arctics, or overshoes. It seems that they have clasps or hooks of metal which fasten in front, thus making pleasant protection for the shoes in foul weather. But either from the delight given to the ear by the jingling of the metal clasps, or from that prerogative of the feminine gender to perform everything in direct opposition to the way in which everything is intended to be performed, the gentler sex wear the goloshes without fastening the metal clasps.

"The effect is exceedingly incongruous. To my mind it resembles nothing so much as the general appearance of certain monsters, which those learned in such matters tell us roamed the earth before the days of Adam. My friend, Will Wimble, has expressed this thought very neatly in the following forceful, if rustic and inelegant couplet:

Like an antediluvian monster, by gosh,
Is the winsome maid with the flopping
golosh.

It is said—"

What is said, however, will never be known, for at this point the punch seems to have quite overcome poor Cato.

ENGLISH IV

Burke's *Speech on Conciliation* does frequently produce a little crop of jokes. The class was progressing peacefully one day, when Sushelsky, outlining and using the first person, loudly exclaimed, "My

plan is superior to the Lord's." We hope the Lord in question, was Lord North. We really did not think that such a man as Burke, or even Sushelsky, had quite such an opinion of himself.

The class, having recovered from this attack, settled back into peace and quiet when Sushelsky again awoke it by announcing, "My policy is not a refined one." This was too much. The plan was not refined, yet superior to the Lord's! The class was overcome.

At that moment, a delicious, mellifluous, odoriferous smell of rotten-egg gas arose from the laboratory. The lab is partly below ground anyway, but many were the fervent prayers consigning it to a region many, many miles further under ground. It was no use, however, and everyone was sunk in gentle sleep. Aroused to answer a question, each murmured, "My proposition is Peace," and then once more was "Sunk into the arms of slumber soft."

EXCHANGE JOKES

Notice to Freshmen

In case of fire, do not run. Green material does not burn.

Freshman to Senior—Where is the other side of the street?

Senior—Right across the street.

Freshman—That's funny, I was over there and someone told me it was over here.

Look out for Dad.

Lightibus bumtibus in parlorum,
Boyibus kissibus sweet puellorum,
Dadibus hearibus loud smakarum,
Comibus quickibus cum clubarum,
Kickibus boyibus outside doorum
Boyibus limpibus ad his domorum,
Swearibus he kissibus puella nomorun.

Ads.

Wanted—A clerk who can open oysters with references.

To Let—Furnished apartment suitable for a gentleman with folding doors.

Teacher—I am tempted to give you pupils an examination.

Pupil—Yield not unto temptation.

Teacher—Is this sentence correct? "I am almost crazy."

Pupil—Yes.

Romance

A girl, a quarrel,
A room, some gas,
A funeral, a hearse,
A hole, some grass.

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The Earth is round, they
say,
Of this, I don't dispute,
What interests ME from
now till May
Is, where you'll buy your
Suit.
MY Suits are fine—some
call them "thrillers,"
Before you buy, come
down to SPILLER'S.

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